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WILLIAM P. COOPER,]

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 76.

TERMS

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THE BOURBON QUESTION.

Further Evidence Sustaining the Claims of Eleazar Williams.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for April is published to-day. Of its dozen papers, each of them highly interesting, the public attention will be mainly directed to a second article by the Rev. J. H. HANSON, in support of the claim which he perferred in the February number on behalf of the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS, that he was the identical Dauphin, son of LOUIS XVI., hitherto generally supposed to have died in the Temple, during the atrocities of the Reign of Terror.

The present article is in form of a review of the work just published in Paris—entitled, "LOUIS XVII.; his Life, his Sufferings, his Death—the Captivity of the Royal Family in the Temple; the work enriched with Autographs, Portraits and Plans, by M. A. BEAUCHESSNE."—a condensed summary of which has just been published by the HANSONS, and which has been very widely cited as establishing beyond all possibility of further doubt, the fact of the Dauphin's death. Mr. HANSON examines its successive statements with decided critical ability, and reaches the distinct conclusion that the book rather confirms, than dissipates the doubts that have hitherto existed upon this point, and that, in spite of the confidence with which it has been quoted in proof of the Dauphin's death, it does not even weaken the positive testimony to the fact that he was removed from the Temple, and another child re-nobbed him left in his place. But with this part of the article we are not now especially concerned.

It will be remembered that in the first article upon this subject, Mr. HANSON embodied a statement made by Mr. WILLIAMS himself, that in October, 1841, while in Mackinac, Capt. JOHN SHOOK said to him that Prince DE JOINVILLE, who was then there, had enquired after him and wished to see him; that both embarked on board the steamboat for Chicago; that the Prince sought and obtained an introduction to him, and on first seeing him appeared to be greatly affected and surprised; that they had a conversation of several hours together upon various points in American and French history; that on reaching Green Bay the Prince desired him to take up his quarters with him at the same hotel, to which he assented; that in the evening the Prince, enjoining secrecy, told him that he was the son of LOUIS XVI., the veritable Dauphin who was supposed to have died in the Temple; placed before him a document, engrossed parchment and sealed in due form, abdicating the throne of France in favor of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and requested him to sign it, offering as an inducement a princely establishment, either in this country or in France, and that he refused to sign it, upon which a warm altercation ensued between him and the Prince, though they parted as friends.

This direct assertion upon this material point in the whole case, was brought to the attention of Prince DE JOINVILLE by the London agent of the *Magazine*, to whom, in reply the Prince wrote the following letter:

CLAREMONT SURTIFY, Feb. 9, 1853.

SIR.—The Prince DE JOINVILLE has received the number of the *Monthly Magazine* of New York, which you have thought fit to transmit to him and has read the article to which you have called his attention. His first thought was, to treat with the indifference which it deserves, the absurd invention on which this article is founded—but on reflecting that a little truth is there mixed with much falsehood, the Prince has deemed it right that I should in his name, give a few lines in reply, to show the exact portion of truth there is in the mass of fables.

"You can make, Sir, of this reply, the use which you think proper.

"It is very true, that in a voyage which he made to the United States, towards the end of the year 1841, the Prince finding himself at Mackinac, met on board the steamboat, a passenger whose face he thinks he recognizes, in the portrait given in the *Monthly Magazine*, but whose name had entirely escaped his memory.

"This passenger seemed well informed concerning the history of North America during the last century. He related many anecdotes and interesting particulars concerning the French who took part, and distinguished themselves in these events.—He added that, on his father's side, his origin was French, and went so far as to cite a name which the Prince abstains from repeating. It was by this means that he had come in possession of so many details curious to hear. One of the most interesting of these recitals was that which he gave of the last moments of the Marquis of MONTCALM, who died in the arms of an Iroquois, who was his relative, and to whom the great captain had left his sword. These details could not fail vividly to interest the Prince, whose voyage to Mississippi, had for its object to retrace the glorious path of the French, who had first

opened to civilization these fine countries. The Prince asked Mr. WILLIAMS, since such was the name of his interlocutor, to send to him, in the form of notes, all the information which he could procure, and which could throw light upon the history of French establishments in North America. On his side, Mr. WILLIAMS, who did not appear less curious to understand thoroughly this same history, asked the Prince to transmit to him all the documents which related to it, and which could be found in the archives of the French Government.

"On his arrival at Green Bay, the Prince was detained during half a day, by the difficulty of procuring the number of horses necessary for the journey, which he was about to undertake. Mr. WILLIAMS pressed him earnestly to accompany him to a settlement of Iroquois Indians, established near Green Bay, among whom, he said, were still many who remembered their Eastern fathers, and who would receive with delight the son of the Great Chief of France. The Prince declined this offer, and pursued his journey.

"Since then, some letters have been exchanged between Mr. WILLIAMS, and the persons attached to the Prince, on the subject of the documents in question.—Thus the letter of M. Touchard, cited in the article of the *Monthly Magazine*, must be authentic. Mr. WILLIAMS could also equally have produced one which I remember to have written to him upon the same subject.

"But there ends all which the article contains of truth, concerning the relations of the Prince with Mr. WILLIAMS. All the rest, all which treats of the revelation which the Prince made to Mr. WILLIAMS, of the mystery of his birth, all which concerns the pretended personage of LOUIS XVII., is, from one end to the other, a work of imagination; a fable woven wholesale; a speculation upon the public credulity.—If, by chance, any of the readers of the *Monthly Magazine* should be disposed to avow belief in it, they should procure from Paris a book which has been very recently published by M. Beauchesne.—They will there find concerning the life and death of the unfortunate Dauphin, the most circumstantial and positive details. It remains for me to repeat to you, Sir, that you can make of this letter such use as you may judge proper, and to offer to you at the same time, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

(Signed.) "AUG. TROGNON.

"Former Preceptor and Secretary for the commands of the Prince de Joinville."—This is certainly a very explicit and emphatic denial of the very material statements of Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. HANSON meets it by impeaching the veracity of the Prince. He brings no new evidence to sustain the allegations of Mr. WILLIAMS, and adduces no facts to rebut the Prince de Joinville's denial of them. But he selects one of the Prince's averments—and that by no means the most important—and seeks to disprove it, drawing the inference that if this statement be false, all the others must be so also.

The Prince in his letter states that "finding himself at Mackinac he met on board the steamboat a passenger, whose face he thinks he recognizes in the portrait given in the magazine, but whose name had entirely escaped his memory." Mr. HANSON urges that the Prince in this passage ascribes his meeting with Mr. WILLIAMS entirely to chance; whereas, in point of fact, he says—it can be proved that he sought the interview with Mr. WILLIAMS. The proof offered in support of this statement is embodied in the following letters—which we copy, together with Mr. HANSON's comments upon them:

Letter from Captain Shook to Rev. J. H. HANSON.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: Yours of the 4th inst., together with the February number of Putnam's *Monthly* came duly to hand. It gives me great pleasure to communicate anything, and all I know, of what took place between the Prince de Joinville and Rev. Eleazar Williams, upon the steamer *Columbus*, from Mackinac to Green Bay. I have carefully read your article in the *Monthly*, and so far as matters relating to me go, the reverend gentleman has stated things truly. I have a very vivid and distinct recollection of the introduction of the Prince to Rev. Mr. Williams, and of the apparent surprise manifested by the Prince on the occasion, and furthermore, could not but wonder myself why he should pay to a humble and unpretending Indian missionary, such pointed and polite attention. I have long known Rev. Mr. Williams, and seen much of him in our voyages up and down the Lakes, and have always found him an amiable, upright gentlemanly man and to be relied upon in any statement he may make. I would again repeat, that what he has stated in relation to me is literally true. If I have not met your mind in this reply, please to right again, and put the matter to me in the form of questions. You say, "I believe that the Prince gave to you a gold snuff-box upon the occasions." He did, and I prize it highly.

If you need an affidavit on the subject, I am willing and ready to give it. With sentiments of high regard, I am Yours, JOHN SHOOK.

The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. George S. Raymond—Editor of *Northern Light*, Hallowell, Me.—dated March 1, 1853, and addressed to Mr. Putnam:

"I am acquainted with many of the circumstances connected with the Prince de Joinville's visit to Green Bay, his meeting with Mr. Williams, &c., having been myself a fellow-passenger with the Prince during the whole of his Lake tour. At that time I was an officer in the Brazilian service, and came home to the United States to visit a brother, then a resident at Fort Howard, near Green Bay. I joined

ed the Joinville party in New York, traveled with it to Green Bay, and, during several conversations with the Prince, heard him express a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams, and have an interview with him."

An editorial having appeared in the *Buffalo Courier*, stating that the writer heard the Prince making inquiries respecting Mr. Williams, I addressed a letter of inquiry to the editors of that paper, from one of whom, Mr. James O. Braymar, I received a letter dated March 4, 1853, from which I make the following extract:

"In the Fall of 1841, took a steamboat at Cleveland for Detroit. The Prince de Joinville and company were on board, having come up from Buffalo. There were also several gentlemen of French descent from Detroit aboard. In the evening, while sitting in the cabin, the Prince conversed freely—part of the time in French and part in English. While conversing with the late Col. Beaubien, he made inquiries concerning Mr. Williams, and spoke of his intention of visiting him at Green Bay. Col. B., who had, I believe, been an Indian trader, knew Mr. W. personally or by reputation, and replied to the Prince as to his whereabouts and his occupation. The Prince inquired as to his personal bearing, and asked various general questions concerning him, and had the appearance of considerable earnestness in his inquiries. The conversation continued some minutes, and concluded by the Prince remarking, 'I shall see him before I return.' This matter has slept in my memory, and having been called up by the late discussions, is not very distinct as to particulars; the general features, however, are as fresh in my mind as an occurrence of yesterday. I have a relative who was for some years a teacher in the Indian Mission School at Green Bay. I have heard her relate the circumstance of the visit of the Prince de Joinville to Mr. Williams as something involving much mystery, and that it for a while produced a marked and observable change in Mr. W.'s conduct. He appeared abstracted at times, and excited, as if by some great emotion. She remarked that the Prince treated him with more than ordinary deference and consideration, for which she could not account at the time."

The peculiar form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down, he answered, pointing to the kitchen, and I will see what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow white cloth, and displayed his wife's set of blue sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions. The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as she returned from the door.

"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night."

"Indeed! We'll do no such thing! We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No indeed!"

"But, really, I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He does not look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and its full three miles to D—"

"It's too much. He ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here as he did until it got dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man, at least; and does not look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor, somewhere in the house."

"I wish he had been in Guinea before he came here," said Mrs. W., fretfully.

The disappointment the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind." We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request with a complaining or reluctant spirit. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unwares."

"Angels! did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This had the effect to call forth an answering smile to the face of Mrs. W., and a better feeling to her heart. It was finally agreed between them, that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of a person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room, if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but small expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poor accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that he had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful.

Soon after, the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up—which consisted of coffee, warm short-cake and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation he did not decline. Grace was said by Mr. W., the coffee poured out the bread heated and the milk served.

There was a fine little boy, six years old at the table, who had been brightened up and dressed in his best in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parent's felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say.

"Come, Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat leaning back in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you on last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp meeting hymn that was just then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments," spoke up the mother, well pleased at the child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then looked up at the stranger, near whom he sat, and said innocently—

"How many are there?"

"The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt—

"Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven," ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven?" said her husband with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice.—"Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are?"

"How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child. "Right. There isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments. Did you ever read the Bible, sir?"

"When I was a little boy, I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted up her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed—

"Could any one believe? Such ignorance of the Bible."

Mr. W. Did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room where the good book lay upon the small table, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There," said he, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error—There. Look for yourself.

The stranger came around from his side of the table, and looked over Mr. W.'s shoulder.

"There, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say ten," replied the man; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten?" inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does, certainly."

"Well, what more do you want? Can't you believe the Bible?"

"O, yes, I believe the Bible, and yet it strikes me, somehow, that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to hear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded; admonished and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him his razor that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive aspect.—His request was complied with.

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W., as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

The man appeared and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and departing, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting house, doubting not that they would find him there. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not yet arrived.

"Where is Mr. N.—?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered round the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I will look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a good lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting house was soon filled, as one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was somewhat surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter and come slowly down the aisle, looking from side to side as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit took off his old gray overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You mustn't sit here. Come down and I'll show you a seat," said he in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice. "It is very comfortable here. And the man remained immovable.

Mr. W. feeling embarrassed, went down, intending to get a brother official to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so,

however, the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book: His voice thrilled to the finger ends of brother W., as in a distinct and impressive manner he gave out the hymn beginning:

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's crosses to bear,
Let each a friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care."

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the two first lines for them to sing. Brother W., usually started the tunes. He tried this, but went off on a long metre tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried it again, but now he stumbled on a short metre. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled and the minister, (for no one doubted his real character) addressed the Throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence. The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face was like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by her sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might almost have been heard. The line emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room.

"And a new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

Brother W. had bent forward to listen, but now he sunk back in his seat. This was the *Eleventh Commandment!*

The sermon was deep and searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the feelings of the brother and sister, of whose hospitality he had partaken, but he said much that smote upon their hearts and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principles of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling.—To think that they should have treated the Presiding Elder of the district after such a fashion was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad, interfered sadly with their devotional feelings throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance administered, and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know what it was best for him to do. He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hands with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is brother W.?" was at length asked. It was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

The preacher advanced, and catching his hand said—

"How do you do, brother W., I am glad to see you. And where is sister W.?"

Sister W. was brought forward, and the preacher shook hands with her heartily, while his face was lit up with a smile.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said as it was settled.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could reply, some one asked—

"How came you to be detained so late?" you were expected last night. And where is brother R.?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., and I had to come alone. Five miles from here my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer not far from here to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the Presiding Elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out until some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of a joke, and given to relating stories.

also consent to wait until her choice is assented to, or she attains her legal majority. Then, if she chooses to marry in opposition to her parents' wishes, let her quit her home openly and frankly, in broad daylight, and in such a manner as shall kindly, but utterly preclude any pretence that her act is clandestine, or ill-considered. No one should be persuaded or forced to marry where she does not love; but to wait a year or two for the assent of those who have all her life done what they could for her welfare, no daughter should esteem a hardship.

There is some truth to be told about the "common run" of masculine prowl-ers by night about garden walls and under bed-room windows, in quest of opportunities to pour seducing flatteries into the ears of simple misses, but we have not time to tell it now. As a general rule, they are licentious, good-for-nothing adventurers, who would much rather marry a living than work for it, and who speculate on the chances of "bringing the old folks round" after a year or two. A true man would not advise, much less urge the woman he loved to take a step which must inevitably lessen the respect felt for her, and violate the trust reposed in her by those who had loved and cherished her all her days.

ADVISE TO YOUNG MEN.

The following hints to young men about commencing business we find in "Freudley's Practical Treatise on Business."

They are from John Grigg, Esq., and are not only adapted to the city merchant or storekeeper, but, in principle to every pursuit in life. We hope they will be generally read, pondered and applied, by old as well as young, and they cannot but effect good. Were they followed strictly, we should have a more prosperous community, fewer failures, and a greatly enhanced business character. But to Mr. Grigg's hints.

1. Be industrious and economical.—Waste not time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to save, the moment they enter upon the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life. Our people are certainly among the most improvident and extravagant on the face of the earth. It is enough to make the merchant of the old school, who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence and discretion he had to bring to bear upon his own business, (and which are in fact the cause of all successful enterprises,) start back in astonishment to look at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest terms of respectability with me, is honest industry. Well directed industry makes men happy. The really noble class—the class that was noble when Adam delved and Eve spun, and have preserved their patens to this day untarnished—is the laborious and industrious, who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence and discretion he had to bring to bear upon his own business, (and which are in fact the cause of all successful enterprises,) start back in astonishment to look at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest terms of respectability with me, is honest industry. Well directed industry makes men happy. The really noble class—the class that was noble when Adam delved and Eve spun, and have preserved their patens to this day untarnished—is the laborious and industrious, who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence and discretion he had to bring to bear upon his own business, (and which are in fact the cause of all successful enterprises,) start back in astonishment to look at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. 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